

the scar by uppercasebread

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, M/M, heehee, i guess, its mike seeing the scar from the iron rod nancy had to stab will with, thats all - Freeform, u know the one

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Summary:

Mike's hands come to rest just above Will's hips, about halfway up his stomach, and Will jolts. His eyes go wide and a soft mewl falls from his lips before Mike can even ask what's wrong. His hand falls from Mike's shoulder to wrap tight enough around his wrist to begin to cut off circulation. he practically rips Mike away from him, his breathing thin and wavering.

the scar

-July 23rd, 1987-

“You ready to go?”

Mike twirls his keys around his index finger, leaning against the counter as Will manages to stumble out of his room.

They're in the Byers' kitchen, where the light filters through the windows and hits the walls at an angle that makes the paint glow, filling the room with a warm amber light. It's comfortably silent, with Joyce at work and Jonathan off at NYU. Mike's taking Will to the art gallery that just opened in Hawkins, after Will complained that he had no artistic inspiration and needed something to help him finish a project for his advanced art class.

Will's pulling a sweatshirt (one of Mike's, an old Hawkins highschool sweatshirt that practically swallows him) over his head, rustling up his hair until it sticks out at awkward angles.

A soft smile falls on Mike's face as he watches Will finish getting ready, smoothing his hair out and tugging the sleeves of the shirt down over his hands. Mike's eyes wander across Will's body, memories flashing through his mind like a flip book of everything he loves about Will.

Will'd changed as he'd gotten older, aging at a speed that almost felt too fast. He's not much taller than he used to be, the top of his head barely reaching Mike's shoulder (although Mike is freakishly tall, having hit a growth spurt that didn't stop for three years). He's slimmed slightly, his body narrow and light like a sparrow. Mike once worried about how tiny he is, but, then again, Will can eat more than him and Nancy combined and his metabolism is like a freight train, making it seem like he can never gain weight even if he wants to.

His face hasn't changed much, reminiscently cherubic and peppered with dark moles that he refuses to acknowledge unless Mike is pressing gentle kisses into them.

The most obvious change is that Will's hair has grown out in smooth waves until it falls to just above his shoulders. He'd grown it out after claiming that he was tired of the short haircut he'd had since he was twelve.

“Is this..... bad? do you want me to wear something else?”

Will's voice breaks through Mike's thoughts, and for a moment Mike can see a familiar flood of anxiety behind Will's eyes, dark clouds that he knows are wreaking havoc in Will's gut. Mike blinks. He had been staring.

shit.

"Wh- no! no, don't change!" Mike blurts, pushing away from the counter and closer to Will, a surge of something he can't quite place pumping through his chest at the sight of Will tilting his head up to look Mike in the eye. Will grins at him, his fingers intertwined in front of his chest. The sweatshirt he's drowning in is a dark green like the evergreens outside their windows and Mike can't help but think about how the color makes Will's eyes feel so much brighter. Will's hands rest on Mike's shoulders, like they're ballroom dancing. He giggles, and Mike sways a little, humming under his breath.

"Maybe we could have our own Snow Ball, right here in the kitchen."

Mike's hands come to rest just above Will's hips, about halfway up his stomach, and Will jolts. His eyes go wide and a soft mewl falls from his lips before Mike can even ask what's wrong. His hand falls from Mike's shoulder to wrap tight enough around his wrist to begin to cut off circulation. he practically rips Mike away from him, his breathing thin and wavering. Mike lets go of Will's sides, terrified that he's somehow hurt Will or sent him into an episode, but the moment Mike's hands are off his hips he falls quiet, tilting his head towards the floor so his eyes are hidden behind a curtain of dark hair.

The room is silent- a rubber band about to snap.

"Will? are you okay?" Mike asks, his voice barely loud enough to be considered a whisper. Will nods, his chest heaving.

"I- I'm fine. I'm sorry- I- I-lets just go." Will says, but Mike grabs his shoulders, keeping him from pushing past and leaving.

"Did I hurt you?" Mike asks. Will looks at him, shaking his head. His eyes are wide and terrified behind the strands of hair covering his face.

"No. No, you didn't- it's just- I- it-" Will stammers, tears beginning to glitter in his lashes. Strawberry red floods his face as he tries to find the words he wants to say.

"Is it an- an episode? did I- are- are you seeing the shadow again?" Mike asks, his hands moving to Will's arms as he tries to calm Will down. Will's stammering falls quiet at Mike's words, but his eyes are

still hidden behind his hair.

"No. It's- I shouldn't be so- It's something from a while ago, you weren't- I don't think."

"Show me." Mike says, leaning down until Will's eyes meet his. Will swallows thickly but obliges, his fingers finding the hem of his sweatshirt and pulling it up until the spot on his side is exposed.

There, halfway between his hip and his ribs, is a thick scar, about as wide as one of Mike's fingers and a little longer than his thumb. The skin looks burnt away, leaving a dark patch against the pale white of Will's skin. It seems like there's something trapped inside it, a thick black line zig-zagging through the length of the burnt skin like lightning. Mike exhales softly at the sight of it, his eyes flicking to Will's. Will is looking away from him, his eyes trained intently on the kitchen cabinets.

"What- where did this come from?" Mike asks. He reaches forwards to touch it, but Will's breathing hitches and he freezes, not wanting to scare Will any further.

"The- when- when he w-was in my head- they had to burn- burn him out-"

"I remember. I thought they used heaters? and the fireplace?" Mike asks. The scar on Will's side moves when he breathes, stretching and relaxing as his chest heaves. The black marking seems to writhe within his skin independently, sending a thick dread sliding down Mike's throat.

"they- they did, b-but- but then he got m-mad, and broke one of the- the wrist ties. mom tried to- she tried to stop him- he- I started- I was ch-choking her- a-a-and they couldn't- they couldn't get m-me off," Will's voice cracks and he takes a moment to lick his lips before continuing. "Nancy- she used a st-stoker from the fireplace to get me to- to stop." Will says. His voice is shaking and he's looking anywhere but Mike's face because he knows Mike will be angry. Angry that Will didn't tell him sooner, angry that Nancy hurt Will without telling him, angry that Will had done something like trying to choke out Joyce even though it wasn't him, it hadn't been him in there.

A gentle hand pushes Will's hair out of his face, tucking it behind his ear with a touch that barely feels like a touch, like they're barely making contact. Mike's fingers are warm and the hand at Will's elbow is sure and Will gathers just enough courage to glance at Mike's face. Mike is watching him with something that Will thinks might be pity or sorrow but most of all Mike looks like he's in love. his eyes are so

full of love despite all the awful things Will has done and it makes Will cry, hiccuping once before tears begin to stream down his face. "I'm sorry I wasn't there with you." Mike says, his voice thicker than it had been a moment ago.

Will shakes his head, tears dripping to the floor.

"D-don't-" He starts, but Mike pulls him closer, wrapping his arms around Will's body protectively.

A warmth floods through him that he hasn't felt for a while, the guilt weighing down on his shoulders feeling just a bit lighter now.

they hold each other in silence for a while, the only sound between them being Will's soft sniffles every now and then and the brush of fabric against fabric as they shift. Mike begins to sway ever-so-slightly, smoothing Will's hair down and pressing a kiss against the top of his head. Will hiccups again and his fingers dig into Mike's back as he reaches for anything to ground him.

Mike finally pulls away from Will, pushing the hair on the other side of his face behind his ear.

"You know what this means, right?" He asks. Will cocks his head at Mike, his eyes red-rimmed and puffy. His fingers are still tangled in the back of Mike's shirt.

"I'm never gonna let you out of my sight ever again." Mike says, grinning.

Will buries his face into Mike's chest, trying to hide his grin in the soft fabric and warmth of Mike's body. He can hear Mike's heartbeat and smell him- he smells like fabric softener and the pine trees outside and the allspice that seems everpresent in Karen's kitchen back at home -and he doesn't think he's ever felt more protected in his life as Mike's arms slowly wrap around him again.